

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what they be they & read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon.

Item, Sawce.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons.

Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper.

Item, Bread.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is else, keepe close, wee'll read it at more aduantage: there let him sleepe till day. He to the Court in the Morning: Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. He procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelve-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Seena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotsp. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower, Will you sit downe?

And Vnckle Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:

Sit Cousin Percy; sit good Cousin Hotspurre: For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you, His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh, He wisheth you in Heauen.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie, The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes, Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth, The frame and foundation of the Earth Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotsp. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your Mothers Cat had but kittend, though your selfe had neuer bene borne.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde, If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glend. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke

To see the Heauens on fire,

And not in feare of your Natiuitie.

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth

In strange eruptions: and the teeming Earth

Is with a kinde of Collick pinch'd and vex'd,

By the imprisoning of vnripy Witde

Within her Wombe: which for enlargement straining,

Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe

Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth, Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature, In passion shooke,

Glend. Cousin: of many men

I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue

To tell you once againe, that at my Birth

The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,

The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:

These signes haue markt me extraordinary:

And all the courses of my Life doe shew,

I am not in the Roll of common men.

Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,

That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,

Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,

Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,

And hold me pace in deepe experiments:

Hotsp. I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh:

He to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe.

Hotsp. Why to can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Deuill.

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuill,

By telling truth: Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,

And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.

Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head

Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,

And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him

Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hotsp. Home without Bootes,

And in foule Weather too,

How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:

Shall wee diuide our Right

According to our three-fold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it

Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto,

By South and East, is to my part assign'd:

All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,

And all the fertile Land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower: And deare Couze, to you

The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.

And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:

Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A Businesse that this Night may execute)

To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I,

And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,

To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,

As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.

My Father Glendower is not readie yet,

Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteen dayes:

Within that space, you may haue drawne together

Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:

And in my Condukt shall your Ladies come,

From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue,

For there will be a World of Water shed,

Vpon

Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.

Hotsp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,

In quantitie equals not one of yours.

See, how this Riuer comes, me cranking in,

And cures me from the best of all my Land,

A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cante out,

He haue the Currant in this place damnd vpon,

And here the smug and Silver Trent shall runne,

In a new Channell, faire and euently:

It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,

To rob me of so rich a Bottom here:

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his course,

And runnes me vp, with like aduantage on the other side,

Gelding the oppos'd Continent as much,

As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will tread him here,

And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,

And then he runnes straight and euen.

Hotsp. He haue it so, a little Charge will doe it.

Glend. He not haue it alter'd.

Hotsp. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hotsp. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in

Welsh.

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:

For I was taught vpon in the English Court;

Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe

Many an English Dittie, louely well,

And gaue the Tongue a helpefull Ornament;

A Vertue that was neuer seene in you.

Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,

I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,

Then one of these faine Meeter Ballad-mongers:

I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,

Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,

And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,

Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;

'Tis like the fore't gate of a shuffling Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd.

Hotsp. I doe not care: He giue thrice so much Land

To any well-deseruing friend;

But in the way of Bargaine, make ye me,

He cauill on the ninth part of a hayre.

Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moone shines faire,

You may away by Night:

He haue the Writer; and withall,

Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:

I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,

So much she dotech on her Mortimer.

Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Pa-

ther.

Hotsp. I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,

With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,

Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies;

And of a Dragon, and a sinne-lesse Fiith,

A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulted Rauon,

A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,

And such a deale of skimple-skamble Stuff,

As puts me from my Faith. Tell you what,

He held me last Night, at least nine howres,

In reckning vp the feuerall Deuils Names,

That were his Lacqueyes:

I cry'd ham, and

But mark'd him

As a tyred Horse

Worse then a Horse

With Cheese and

Then feede on

In any Summer

Mort. In fa

Exceeding well

In strange Con

Valiant as a Ly

And as bountif

Shall I tell you,

He holds your

And curbes him

When you doe

I warrant you,

Might so haue

Without the ta

But doe not v

Worc. In fa

And since your

To put him qu

You must need

Though someti

And that's the

Yet oftentimes

Defect of Mann

Pride, Haughtin

The least of wh

Loseth mens he

Vpon the beaut

Beguiling them

Hotsp. Wel

Good-manners

Heere come yo

Enter

Mort. This

My Wife can s

Glend. My Da

Shee'll be a Sou

Mort. Good F

Shall follow in

Glendower

Glend. Shee

A peeuish selfe

One that no per

Exit

Mort. I vnd

Which thou po

I am too perfe

In such a parley

Exit

Mort. I vnd

And that's a fee

But I will neuer

Till I haue lea